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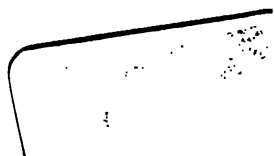




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# IMPORTANT TRUTHS

IN

## SIMPLE VERSE:

BEING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL POEMS ON  
RELIGIOUS AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS, FOR THE  
USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

---

LONDON:  
J. SOUTER, SCHOOL LIBRARY,  
131, FLEET STREET.

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1841.



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## PREFACE.

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HAVING long been in the habit of occasionally assisting in the instruction of the young, the author's thoughts have often been exercised on such subjects as are treated of in the following pages; and these thoughts, thus elicited in the endeavour to impart important truth in a pleasing and impressive manner, have formed themselves, with but little effort, into the humble verses which are here collected. Though they confessedly fall far short of his wishes, and make no pretensions to compete with the inimitable productions of Dr. Watts or the scarcely inferior poems of Jane Taylor, yet perhaps they may commend themselves more to the minds and hearts of the young than many of the talented but too ambitious volumes of poetry which have been written for their use.

Composed, as the following little poems have been, in literally the very fragments of time snatched from an absorbing occupation—generally, indeed, while passing along the noisy street, among all that was distracting—the author must plead this as an excuse for any abruptness or want of coherency which many of the pieces may display, and which he has had little opportunity of amending, in consequence of the hasty manner in which they have been unavoidably hurried through the press. With all their imperfections, however, he fondly hopes that his young readers will find in them something to amuse and instruct the mind, and (which has been his principal aim) something adapted to improve the heart, and which may serve to stimulate them in the performance of their duties to themselves, their neighbour, and their God.

S. W. P.

*Dec., 1840.*

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## IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

---

### THE IDLE BEE.

'T WAS a fine summer morning as ever was seen,  
The sky was so blue and the fields were so green,  
And the weather so pleasant and sunny;  
When a Bee sallied forth from her cozy retreat,  
And left her snug hive so well-ordered and neat,  
To ramble in search of some honey.

But idleness ever will find an excuse,  
And soon she complained of the new-fallen dews,  
How much they impeded her labour;  
“At present,” said she, “’t will be useless to toil,  
The dew will soon dry, so I’ll rest me awhile,  
And call on a crony and neighbour.”



Her friend was so pressing, so chatty and gay,  
That the sun had long dried all the dew-drops away

    Before she once thought of departing ;  
But now, so intense was the heat of the sun,  
She clearly foresaw little work could be done,  
    Such fierce scorching beams he was darting.

“ Oh dear, I shall faint,” all desponding said she,  
Though many an active industrious bee,

    Well laden with honey, flew past her ;  
“ I’ll lay myself down in the cup of this rose,  
’Twill be cool when I’ve taken a little repose,  
    And then I must labour the faster.”

So snug was her lodging, so soundly she slept,  
That when from her covert awaking she crept,  
    The evening was rapidly closing ;  
And now that the night its long shadows had cast,  
Too late she regretted the hours that had passed,  
    And mourned o’er her gossip and dozing.

But neither repentance nor tears could atone,  
Or call back the hours that so quickly had flown,—

    The day was for ever departed ;  
The flowrets were closing their dull heavy eyes,  
And the grey mists of evening began to arise,  
    When she turned towards home heavy-hearted.

And as she skulked slowly with many a sigh,  
Her busy companions buzzed joyfully by,  
    Their hearts with proud industry swelling ;  
And loudly the queen-bee was heard to complain,  
And threaten, if ever so idle again,  
    She no longer should share in their dwelling.

Oh let me be active, and work while I may,  
For great is the labour, and short is the day,  
    And soon will life's work-time be o'er ;  
Let me try to be useful, and clever, and good,  
And live for my neighbour, my country, and God,  
    And never be indolent more.

---

“GOD IS LOVE.”

God is love, the Bible says,  
Mercy governs all his ways ;  
Great and awful though he be,  
Greater is his clemency :  
Every page his goodness shows,  
Every line with kindness glows,  
Every law and promise prove—  
Glorious knowledge !—God is love.

God is love, all nature cries ;  
Loud the echo wakes the skies,  
Hill and valley, rock and plain  
Raise the gladsome song again.  
God is love, the ocean roars,  
Tumbling on a thousand shores ;  
All around, beneath, above,  
Swell the chorus—God is love.

God is love, the warblers sing,  
Soaring on exulting wing ;  
Mortals, lay aside your care,  
God will all your burdens bear,  
Think no more of want and sorrow,  
Who feeds to-day will feed to-morrow,  
Learn from us, his kindness prove,  
And join the chorus—God is love.

God is love, each flowret cries,  
With o'erflowing dewy eyes,  
Tends my wants from day to day,  
Warms me with his sunny ray,

Feeds me with refreshing rain,  
Cheers my failing strength again ;  
Let such care to praises move,  
And join the anthem—God is love.

God is love, my mercies say,  
Every hour and every day ;  
Food and knowledge, friends and home  
All from my Creator come :  
Blessings I each hour receive,  
On his bounty still I live,  
By his care I breathe and move ;  
My soul, forget not—God is love.

God is love : lo, Calvary's hill  
Deeper love develops still ;  
See, the incarnate Son of God  
Sheds for man his precious blood,  
Hell to conquer, death to slay,  
All our sins to cleanse away :  
Here its fullest truth we prove,—  
Glorious knowledge !—God is love.

## GOD'S GREATNESS.

How vast must be that mighty hand  
That formed the sea, the sky, and land,  
And, opened wide, each hour supplies  
Each living thing's necessities !

How keen must be that searching eye  
That e'en our secret thoughts can spy,  
How wonderful that boundless sight  
That pierces solitude and night !

How great that glorious arm must be  
That rules the huge and roaring sea ;  
How strong to succour or oppose,  
To rescue friends or punish foes !

How wondrous quick must be that ear  
That marks the sinner's sigh sincere,  
By which the muttered curse is heard,  
Or whispered prayer to Heaven preferred !

Great God, with reverence I adore  
Thy mighty nature, boundless power ;  
With awe before thy presence bow,  
How mean am I, how great art thou !

May reverent thoughts my mind imbue,  
And keep me pure and humble too,  
That I, with love and holy awe,  
May fear thy frown and keep thy law.

That hand, that eye, that arm, that ear,  
Although so dread I need not fear,  
Thy works and Word alike proclaim  
Love is thy nature and thy name.



### THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

“ WHY mope you so, my pretty bird ? ”  
Said I to little Dick one day,  
When straight methought his voice I heard,  
And thus he said, or seemed to say :—

“ How can I tune my voice to sing,  
Within these prison-bars confined,  
While all my mates are on the wing  
As free as is the morning wind ?

“ The sunny isles that gave me birth  
I cannot but remember still,  
And many a scene of youthful mirth  
By sheltered plain and breezy hill.

“ There, with my fellows, through the grove,  
With ever-fresh delight we flew,  
And on the wings of joy and love  
Soared up to heaven’s unclouded blue.

“ ’Tis true my wants are well supplied,  
But yet, alas, I am not free ;  
How can a slave be satisfied,  
Or plenty bless a wretch like me ?

“ Was it for this my Maker gave  
The buoyant wing and brilliant eye,—  
To wither in a living grave,  
And in a cruel bondage die ?

“ Inviting blows the morning breeze,  
But I may not its blessings share,  
And spring bedecks the fields and trees,  
But here is winter all the year.

“ My heart is sick, my voice is faint,  
My prison soon must be my grave ;  
Come, death, and end this dull restraint,  
And free a poor heart-broken slave.”

---

### MORNING.

SEE, the sun is mounting high,  
Fast he climbs the eastern sky,  
Cold and darkness haste away,  
Frighted at the king of day ;  
Like a giant fresh from sleep,  
Swift he scales heaven's mountain steep :  
Rise, no longer sleep allow,  
None but sluggards slumber now.



Well may he thus rise so soon,  
He must travel far ere noon ;  
Far indeed has he to run  
Ere the twelve long hours be done :  
No dull, dozing laggard he,  
Ever running merrily :—  
We, like him, have much to do ;  
Rise, let us be active too.

List, the lark his welcome sings,  
Soars aloft with joyous wings ;  
Flowrets ope their dewy eyes,  
Glad to see the sun arise ;  
Hark, the cock crows loud and shrill,  
Roger whistles up the hill :—  
All is busy, bright, and gay ;  
Leave your pillow, come away.

Health is in the balmy wind,  
Vigour in each breath you'll find,  
Cloudless is the clear blue sky,  
All is full of waking joy :

Let the lazy slumber on  
'Till the healthful morn be gone,  
Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes  
They shall have that early rise.

---

## CONSCIENCE.

THERE'S an odd little voice ever speaking within,  
That prompts us to virtue and warns us from sin,  
And, what is most strange, it will make itself heard,  
Though it gives not a sound and says never a word.

It is sure to upbraid if we tell but a lie,  
Nor will let the least evil pass silently by ;  
Nor is it less slow to commend than reprove,  
But praises each action of goodness and love.

'Tis the voice of the Lord that is whispering thus,  
'Tis our Father is speaking in mercy to us,  
Who, knowing our proneness to wander astray,  
Seeks thus to incline us to piety's way.

Oh then let me listen with reverence and awe  
To this voice of my God, as my guide and my law,  
Obey the stern watchman that's guarding within,  
To warn me of danger, temptation, and sin.

May conscience and I live together in peace,  
My awe of my honest companion increase ;  
That I may refuse not its bidding to do,  
Whate'er it denounces or bids me pursue.

---

### KINDNESS.

"Come, honest old dame, let me carry your pail,  
'Tis too heavy for you, I can see ;  
My legs are more active, my arms too are strong,  
'Tis a plaything for me who am healthy and young,—  
Come, give up your burden to me."

'Now bless you, my boy, you're a generous lad,  
To offer so free and so kind ;  
'My limbs are, alas, growing feeble and old,  
And even that paltry light pail that you hold  
Is too much for my weakness, I find.

“ But I once was as young and as hearty as you,  
And was strong as the best of them then ;  
And many a feat, my brave boy, I could tell,  
How I bore two large buckets a mile from the well,—  
But I never shall do it again.

“ Ah me, how time flies !—it appears but last week,  
Since Jane, Poll, and Nancy, up town,  
All frolicsome girls, laid a wager with me  
They would carry their pails from the well to that tree,  
But I tired every one of them down.

“ But I see your young playmates are waiting for you,  
And impatient as they can well be ;  
So do not stay longer, but off to your fun,  
And thanks for your service, which few would have done  
To help a poor woman like me.”

“ Very welcome, old Janet : I love a good game  
At cricket, or marbles, or ball ;  
But although 'tis so pleasant, believe me, I find  
That to do a good turn or an action that's kind,  
Is a pleasure far greater than all.”

## THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

By serpents in the desert stung,  
The Jews expiring lay ;  
And strong and weak, and old and young  
Fell fast an easy prey.

But Moses, by the Lord's command,  
A brazen serpent made,  
Which, lifted high amid the band,  
The desolation stayed.

“ Behold, and live !” the prophet cried,  
And straight the camp believed ;  
Though many turned away and died,  
The others looked and lived.

Thus you and I, and all mankind  
Are sorely stung by sin ;  
And soul and body, heart and mind  
Have sucked the poison in.

But Christ, our ruined souls to save  
From sin's destructive curse,  
Endured the bitter scourge and grave,  
And hung upon the cross.

“ Look unto me !” behold he cries,  
“ For sin the only cure,  
And he whose soul on me relies  
Shall know my healing power.”

Then let us all with joy obey  
The invitation given,  
And Christ will take our sins away,  
And fit our souls for heaven.



## LINES TO YOUNG MARY.

WHILE Martha, too busy in trifling affairs,  
Neglected her Saviour and Lord,  
The meek-hearted Mary sat down at his feet,  
And listened with joy to his word.

And still, my dear girl, many Marthas are found  
Neglecting the Saviour's advice,  
While few, oh how few ! are the Marys of earth,  
Who make the commendable choice.

The fashions of life, and its pleasures and cares  
Bid God and religion depart,  
And leave scarce a moment to seek after truth,  
Or improve and examine the heart.

But, rare though they are, as they always have been,  
Sometimes a young Mary we see ;  
And I hope, my dear girl (may my hope not be vain !)  
We may find such a Mary in thee.

## THE POPPY AND THE VIOLET.

PRIDE is the vice of worthless minds,  
'Tis there a resting-place it finds,  
While real merit scorns the guest,  
And drives it from its humble breast :—  
But, lest to please we be unable,  
Suppose we try a little fable.

It chanced, then, once,—no matter where,  
Except 't was in a gay parterre,—  
Amid a fragrant violet bed,  
A Poppy reared her flaunting head.  
Her graceful shape and crimson vest  
Nourished the pride within her breast,  
And oft she would with scorn deride  
The Violets that grew beside,  
Who, frightened, huddled to each other,  
As though to help each humble brother,  
For numbers only save the small  
When thus o'ertopped by one so tall.



“ Degraded things !” she cried one day,  
“ Still hide your heads, for well ye may,  
Your stunted growth and colour pale  
May well before my beauty quail ;  
The splendour of my crimson dress,  
And graceful figure, all confess :  
But ye poor grovelling things around  
That but deform the fostering ground,  
Your ugly forms and puny size  
All who behold you must despise.”  
The Violets scarcely dared to speak,  
They were so humble and so meek,  
But one, more hardy than the rest,  
At length the Poppy thus addressed.  
“ Good neighbour, why these haughty words ?  
Our conduct no pretext affords ;  
Respect and courtesy we give,  
And nothing but abuse receive :  
If you’re superior, as you say,  
Pray act in a superior way,  
And do not thus yourself abase  
By conduct that must bring disgrace.  
In symmetry and splendid dress  
You far surpass us, we confess,

But cannot see, even this allowed,  
Why we should blush, or you be proud :  
Nature, the mother of us all,  
Made some flowers short and others tall,  
To some gave beauty, others none,—  
If fault there be, 'tis hers alone.”  
Still more she was about to say,  
When lo ! the gardener came that way,  
And as around his eye he cast,  
Beheld the gaudy weed at last.  
“ Halloo !” he cried, “ What, poppies here !  
Thy impudence will cost thee dear ;  
Thy rampant growth and stinking breath  
Would worry my poor flowers to death.”  
He said, and seized the Poppy quailing,  
And, scornful, flung it o'er the paling.

---

### P R A Y E R.

Good children will certainly never neglect  
To offer their prayers to the Lord,  
But some prayers there are he will surely reject,  
And leave them despised and unheard.

There's the prayer of the thoughtless, which God will  
not hear,

But send it unanswered away,  
For those who would come with acceptable prayer  
Must remember to think when they pray.

There's the prayer of the slothful, which God will despise,  
Who would fain walk in piety's road,  
But has not the vigour to wake and arise,  
And strive after heaven and God.

There's the prayer of the wicked, which God will refuse,  
And treat with indignant disdain,  
For if we perversely will wickedness choose,  
Our prayers will most surely be vain.

But the prayer of the upright is still his delight,  
And still he will bless the sincere ;  
May our prayers then for ever be good in his sight,  
And such as our Father will hear.



## THE CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT sacred silence reigns around  
The ivy-hidden tower,  
The village bell the only sound,  
That chimes the passing hour !

How quietly the dead repose  
Around that aged tree,  
That far its gloomy shadow throws  
In dusky dignity !

Here all distinctions are forgot,  
All stations swept away,  
Though various was their several lot,  
Here they are common clay.

The narrow grave contains the great  
That holds the mean and low ;  
The noble, stripped of gilded state,  
Sleeps with the peasant now.

The fool and scholar share one bed  
In the unknowing grave ;  
The master lays his weary head  
Beside his equal slave.

However different they were,  
How far soever come,  
One common grave receives them here,  
All share one common home.

But rich and poor, and mean and wise  
Shall burst the quiet sod,  
The hour will come when all shall rise,  
And stand before their God.

The difference of good and bad  
Alone will then appear,  
'Twill not be asked them what they had,  
But only what they were.

Then some that now lie side by side  
Apart shall ever dwell ;  
The good shall with the Lord abide,  
The wicked sink to hell.

## ON DRESS.

WHAT folly it is to be fond of one's clothes,  
And think about nothing but ribbons and bows!

Nay, not only folly but sin :  
And yet many girls, I am sorry to say,  
Waste much precious time in this frivolous way,  
And seem but to live to be fine.

But though partial friends may neglect to reprove,  
Our Maker will never such children approve

Who act so conceited a part ;  
And surely they merit his terrible frown,  
For all love of dress, it is very well known,  
Proceeds from the pride of the heart.

How hateful it must be for Jesus to see  
Such sinful and perishing creatures as we  
So constantly thinking of dress !

When he was on earth a plain garment he wore,  
Nor would he have envied an emperor's store,  
For finery is but disgrace.

The apostles of old, too, were clothed very plain,—  
Elijah, John Baptist, and all the good men ;

    Their thoughts were about something higher :  
But the selfish rich glutton was gorgeously clad ;  
And Jezebel too, and the rest of the bad,  
    Were all fond of gaudy attire.

Then let me remember it is a sure sign  
That the heart is not good where the dress is so fine,  
    For Finery is daughter of Pride :  
Let me seek the adornment that virtue bestows,  
Which is better than all the fine jewels and clothes,  
    However vain fools may deride.

---

### HAPPINESS.

“ I often wonder, dear Mama,  
    To see old John so gay,  
He’s ever smiling and content,  
    And singing all the day ;  
And yet but wretched is his cot,  
    And coarse and scant his fare,—  
I’m sure but few would choose his lot,  
    Or find contentment there.

“ The Squire, with all his land and gold,  
Is sour and gloomy still ;  
Vain are his park and wealth untold  
His vast desires to fill :  
’Tis strange he cannot be content  
Amid such boundless store,  
While John is still so pleased and gay,  
Though poorest of the poor.”

“ This is the reason, gentle boy,—  
Old John, though poor, is good ;  
A pious, humble Christian man,  
He still delights in God :  
But proud Squire William godless lives,  
Of love nor fear possess’d,  
And therefore, though he is so great,  
He knows not joy nor rest.

“ Remember, as you pass through life,  
That happiness depends  
Nor yet on wealth, nor land, nor fame,  
Nor great and titled friends ;



These may be all possessed, and still  
The wicked only cloy,  
But piety, whate'er it need,  
Shall never want for joy.

“ Virtue is still its own reward,  
Religion's ways are peace,  
And they who love and serve the Lord  
Shall still in joy increase :  
'Tis not so much what we possess  
As what we really are,—  
This makes or mars our happiness,  
And claims our highest care.”

---

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do as I wish men to do unto me,  
Is a precept as simple as good ;  
'Tis so short that it never forgotten can be,  
And so plain can't be misunderstood.

And yet one would think, to look round on the earth,  
And see how men break this command,  
They had never once heard such a law had gone forth,  
Or its meaning did not understand.

A maxim so holy, so just, and so wise,  
Should not be put lightly away,  
For numberless blessings to all would arise  
If each would the precept obey.

Then cheating and lying no more would be known,  
Oppression and thieving would cease,  
For as no man would choose to be robbed of his own  
He would not rob his neighbour of his.

The liar no more would attempt to deceive, ,  
For he would not like lies in return,  
And the rogue would no more in dishonesty live,  
Nor the strong cause the helpless to mourn.

But howe'er others act may my conscience be free,  
Nor this precept my conduct condemn ;  
As I would wish others to act towards me  
Let me ever act thus towards them.

## GLUTTONY.

LIKE greedy pigs before a trough  
Some children cram and stuff,  
As though they never would leave off,  
And could not eat enough.

Dissatisfied with moderate food,  
And plain and wholesome fare,  
They make their appetite their god,  
And eating all their care.

But Nature hath her stern decrees,  
And this is written plain,  
That luxury shall breed disease,  
And gluttons suffer pain.

The simple dish, the moderate meal,  
Is all that nature craves,  
And they who long for dainties still  
But haste to early graves.

Oh scorn such pleasures mean and low,  
And ever moderate be,  
So shall your body stronger grow,  
Your mind more light and free.

All self-denial hath its gain,  
And present comfort too,  
For 'tis more pleasure to refrain  
Than gorge as gluttons do.

Remember then the precept neat  
Which Socrates doth give,—  
Never, oh never live to eat,  
But only eat to live.

~~~~~

### HOW YOU GROW!

“How you grow!—how you grow!”  
Everybody tells me so:  
Friends and relatives all say  
They see me growing day by day.

'Tis pleasant thus to hear from all  
That I am growing stout and tall,  
But pleasanter 't would be to know  
That I am growing better too.

Does my budding mind improve,  
Knowledge, truth and goodness love ?  
Does my heart, enlarged, contain  
Greater love to God and men ?

Do I grow in pure delight  
Of what is good, and true, and right ?  
Still advance in pious fear,  
And make God's will my reverent care ?

Thus, while friends their praise bestow,  
And cry in wonder, " How you grow !"  
I'll ask my conscience, as I should,  
Tell me, am I growing good ?

---

## THE HOUSE-DOG AND THE ASS.

TRAY was a discontented cur,  
He only lived to growl and grumble :  
The court-yard and the kennel were  
For his proud spirit far too humble.

“ Who could endure,” said he, one day,  
“ The miseries I am ever bearing,  
While others free and happy stray,  
With less to do and better faring ?

“ The peacock paces down the walk,  
Admired and fed by each beholder ;  
The parrot joins the parlour talk,  
And perches on my lady’s shoulder.

“ The greyhound sleeps on cushioned chair,  
And none may touch the little beauty,  
While this vile dirty kennel here  
Is my reward for faithful duty.

“ The very poultry with disdain  
Seem to insult my lowly station,  
Though, if I could but break this chain,  
I'd bring them to humiliation.

“ The only food I get to eat  
Is refuse from the parlour table,  
For my weak stomach so unfit  
To eat it I am scarcely able.”

An Ass behind the paling stood,  
On a poor scanty thistle dining ;  
And as she munched the humble food  
She heard the surly Dog repining.

“ Unthankful cur !” the Donkey cried,  
“ To count each comfort a disaster ;  
Well might you be dissatisfied  
Had you my duty and my master.

“ With ample food and quiet ease  
You grumble out your days in sadness,  
While I, with real miseries,  
Endure my lot with patient gladness.

“ That load I dragged last night so far  
    Brought me, alas, but kicks and rating,  
And all the future seems as drear,  
    Still only blows and want awaiting.

“ It is not hardship makes you grieve,  
    But discontent—that vile distemper ;  
Think of my lot, your murmuring leave,  
    And cultivate a thankful temper.

“ If life is rough and things go cross,  
    Repining cannot make them lighter ;  
Remember those whose lot is worse,  
    And this will make your own seem brighter.

“ Contentment well its griefs will bear,  
    For most have some and some have many,  
But discontent creates its care,  
    Still murmuring though it has not any.”





## GOODNESS PREFERABLE TO GREATNESS.

I WOULD rather be good than be ever so great,  
Though a wish could a dukedom command,  
For virtue is sure the most lasting estate,  
And better than houses or land.

Could I boast of the wealth and the power of a king,  
And wear his gold crown on my brow,  
Death would soon snatch away the poor perishing thing,  
And lay all my vanity low.

But goodness is riches that never can die,  
Though nature and earth may decay ;  
For virtue for ever shall live in the sky  
When this world shall have vanished away.

If I learn to make goodness my principal care  
The Lord for my wants will provide ;  
If I seek after God with obedience and fear  
I need care for but little beside.

Though others may live in more splendour than I,  
And have houses and clothes, too, more fine,  
Their state shall not cause me to murmur or sigh,  
But I'll learn to be thankful for mine.

There are many proud bosoms that throb with distress,  
(For cares even rich men annoy,)  
And it is not so much what we have to possess  
As what we can truly enjoy.

Then let me remember he cannot be poor  
Of God and of goodness possess'd ;  
Of such riches chiefly I'll seek to have more,  
And God shall take care for the rest.



### THE HELPLESS LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, so young and fair,  
What a helpless thing you are !  
Swiftness, strength nor sense have you,  
What, in danger, could you do ?

The lion boasts a mighty paw,  
The eagle has a piercing claw,  
The bull can gore, the dog can bite,  
But you can neither fly nor fight.

The fox possesses cunning sense,  
The goat's strong horn is his defence,  
But strength nor cunning you possess,  
Unsuspecting helplessness !

The timid hare can run full well,  
Even the snail can boast his shell,  
And some can hide, they are so small,  
But you have no defence at all.

Yet your shepherd's hand and eye  
Every want can well supply,  
At his side you need not fear,  
Danger cannot reach you there.

I am weak, poor lamb, like you,  
Need a guardian shepherd too,  
That good Shepherd, Jesus, need,  
Or I am weak and lost indeed.

May He, ever at my side,  
Be my wisdom, guard and guide,  
May he aid my weakness still,  
Keep me from each threatening ill.

Let me never dare to rove  
From his happy fold of love ;  
If my Shepherd be not nigh,  
What a helpless thing am I !

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### YOUTHFUL TEMPTATIONS.

THERE'S many a snare and temptation, young friend,  
Will ever obtrude in your way,  
And constantly every footstep attend,  
And threaten to lead you astray.

Perhaps you'll be tempted to hazard a lie,  
Some trivial fault to conceal ;  
But remember that God, the all-seeing, is nigh,  
And will one day the falsehood reveal.

You'll be tempted to cheat your companions at play,  
For the sake of a marble or top ;  
But they who once enter dishonesty's way  
Will find it not easy to stop.

You'll be tempted, perhaps, holy friends to despise,  
And follow the godless and vain,  
But ever remember to walk with the wise  
If heaven you seek to attain.

Another temptation will lie in your road,—  
To think that religion is sad ;  
But none are so happy as those who love God,  
And none are so dull as the bad.

Beware, too, of slighting the day of the Lord,  
And never its duties neglect,  
But meet with his people, and reverence his Word,  
If you would his blessing expect.

But though such temptations your path will attend,  
The Lord will still make you his care,  
Will be, if you seek him, your guide and your friend,  
'Mid every temptation and snare.

## WILL YOU BUY?

WILL you buy, will you buy?  
Here is good variety:  
Come and see what things there are  
In life's wonderful bazaar.

Honour, riches, health and fame,  
Various, your attention claim;  
All before you tempting lie,—  
Will you buy, will you buy?

Vigour would you take away?  
Temperance is the price to pay;  
Shun all greedy low excess,  
And take the healthful happiness.

Knowledge would you rather choose?  
Do not then the price refuse:  
Persevere, think, study hard,  
And knowledge shall be your reward.

Honour?—No, you turn aside,  
Wisely the vain thing deride :  
'Tis but a breath though much pursued ;  
Spurn it, seek the smile of God.

Does glittering gold your heart allure ?  
The price is great, though mean and poor ;  
The worthless, dear-bought dross despise,  
Let better bargains fix your eyes.

Does piety delight your breast ?  
Your choice is wisest, noblest, best :  
Then learn to strive, and watch and pray,  
And take the costly prize away.

The real worth of things thus learn,  
The good pursue, the worthless spurn ;  
For these let others strive and sigh,  
Those, whatsoe'er they cost you, buy.



## KINDNESS TO ALL CREATURES.

THERE is not a creature so mean upon earth  
But claims our good-feeling and love ;  
All share in the common celestial birth,  
And own the same Parent above.

'Tis similar food must all creatures supply,  
And all breathe the very same air ;  
The monarch and reptile would equally die,  
Deprived of Omnipotent care.

The spider and snail are unsightly, you'll say,  
And at best are but ill-looking elves ;  
But we still must respect them as well as we may,  
For their Maker if not for themselves.

For He who their being both gave and sustains  
Delights in their happiness still,  
And he will avenge all the merciless pains  
The cruel have caused them to feel.



Nor may I look down upon aught with disdain  
Which wisdom and goodness have plann'd,  
For surely God never made any in vain,  
Though their use I may not understand.

'Tis fit that the greater should succour the less,  
And power to show mercy be glad ;  
'Tis the little alone who delight to oppress,  
And the cruel are always the bad.

That mercy to me so abundantly shown  
May I never to others deny,  
Nor selfishly care for my comfort alone,  
But wish all were as happy as I.

May I live 'mid God's family in kindness and love,  
My breast with pure charity glow,  
And while I rejoice in my Father above  
Be kind to his creatures below.

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## ILL-TEMPER.

WHAT violent passions some children will show  
If they cannot just have their own way !  
Or if they submit, 'tis with such an ill-will  
That their horrible tempers are manifest still  
In sulking and frowning all day.

But if such bad children would look in the glass  
When passion and anger arise,  
They would see how ill-temper disfigures the face,  
And stamps on the features an ugly disgrace,  
Which all must needs see and despise.

'Twas anger that prompted the passionate Cain  
To murder his brother so dear,  
And still it is passion that vexes our life,  
And breeds half the quarrels, and hatred, and strife  
That among us too common appear.

Why should I be passionate, sullen, or cross,  
Like many bad children I see ?  
For though I'm offended a hundred times o'er,  
Yet I have offended my Father still more,  
Who yet is forgiving to me.

God never is angry excepting in this—  
He is angry with sinners and sin ;  
And I would be vexed, too, at evil alone,  
And try to be angry with nothing and none  
But my own sinful feelings within.

I'll be vexed at the evils that dwell in my heart,—  
My selfishness, passion, and pride ;  
I'll try to subdue them as well as I may,  
More angry and vexed with them every day,  
And be angry with nothing beside.

---

## THE JEW.

I CANNOT treat the outcast Jew  
With insult or with scorn,  
With pity I would rather view  
A being so forlorn.

Though we in faith may disagree  
Our nature is the same,  
And on our kindest sympathy  
He hath a brother's claim.

Whatever spirit may be his  
I'll show him love his mine,  
And thus that my religion is  
More holy and divine.

Although a child of scorn and shame,  
Degraded and abhorred,  
He is a son of Abraham—  
The favoured of the Lord.

'T was Jews that wrote the Word of God,  
The Saviour was a Jew,  
The prophets were of Jewish blood,  
And the apostles too.

Then let me never dare despise  
His nation or his race,  
But view his fate with pitying eyes,  
And mourn o'er his disgrace.

Though now degraded and reviled  
The hour is hastening on  
When God, his father, reconciled,  
Will raise his outcast son.

Low at the great Redeemer's feet  
Adoring he shall fall,  
And Christ as his Messiah greet,  
And on his mercy call.

I'll pray that thus he soon may rise,  
To joy and heaven restored,  
And learn from him how dreadful 'tis  
To sin against the Lord.

## THE FEAR OF GOD.

LET children fear the mighty God,  
And reverence his will :  
This is the safest, surest road  
To peace and heaven still.

'T was here young Samuel began  
His great and good career,  
And holiness adorned the man  
Whose youth was marked by fear.

Josiah feared his Maker too  
When but sixteen years old,  
And with his age his goodness grew,  
We're in the Bible told.

And Timothy, in earliest youth,  
His Maker sought with joy,  
And in his manhood preached the truth  
He studied when a boy.

Let every child aspire to tread  
The glorious path they trod,  
And cultivate that pious dread  
Which led them safe to God.

On such his blessing still shall rest,  
To such his grace be given,  
Such shall on earth with joy be bless'd,  
And such inherit heaven.

Then teach me, Lord, thy name to fear,  
And thy commands to love,  
So shall I grow in goodness here,  
And dwell with thee above.



### REMEMBER YOUR ERRAND.

“REMEMBER your errand!” cried honest old Will,  
As sauntering I passed by his door,  
While thoughtless young Dick scampered off up the hill,  
Too impatient to hear any more.

Though I walked very slow and Dick hurried so fast,  
I soon the young urchin o'ertook,  
And no wonder indeed, for, soon slackening his haste,  
He was paddling about in a brook.

"So, so, master Richard," I said, with a frown,  
"Remember your errand, my boy!"  
And Dick scampered off once again to the town,  
Ashamed of his idle employ.

But soon a poor bird's-nest hard by the road-side  
Attracted his wandering eye ;  
And, his errand forgot, Dick again I espied,  
And again passed the loiterer by.

Poor Dick ! I exclaimed, as I slowly walked on,  
Too many are acting like you,  
Who leave the great errand of life all undone,  
Forget it, and trifles pursue.

Our Father hath sent us all forth on the earth,  
On an errand as gracious as plain :—  
To strive after goodness, and virtue, and worth,  
And wisdom and holiness gain.



Then let me not put life's great business away,  
Which in sorrow and ruin must end,  
But see to my errand, God's bidding obey,  
Intent to improve and amend.

Old Will, your command not unheeded shall lie  
But oft shall my counsellor be ;  
"Remember your errand" shall ever supply  
A motto and precept for me.



### SELFISHNESS.

OF all the sins that curse our race,  
And mar God's world below,  
None works such ill as selfishness,  
Or causes man such woe.

Whatever be the various name  
Of sin's detested fruit,  
The source of all is yet the same,  
Self is the bitter root.

Hence anger, avarice, pride, arise,  
Here hate and strife begin,  
Hence spring oppression, fraud, and lies,  
And every hateful sin.

But never can that breast have peace  
Where self is unsubdued,  
For he shall find his cares increase  
Who makes self-love his god.

Then in myself and others too  
Let me this sin reprove,  
And live, as Jesus bade us do,  
In self-denying love.

Such feelings let me strive to quell,  
Till self-love far be driven :  
Where all are selfish, there is hell,  
But where all love, is heaven.



## THE BIBLE.

THERE are many good books that demand our respect,  
And deserve to be well understood,  
But one book there is we should never neglect,  
For the Bible was written by God.

The others may teach to be learned and wise,  
And many good lessons impart,  
But the Bible will show us the path to the skies,  
And instruct and make better the heart.

How many a pleasing and marvellous tale  
Its reverend pages record !  
How the moon once stood still over Ajalon's vale,  
And the sun too, at Joshua's word.

How Adam through sin lost his Eden so fair,  
How the earth with the Deluge was drowned ;  
Of God-fearing Joseph, of Solomon's prayer—  
Are all in this book to be found.

How David, with only a stone and a sling,  
The mighty armed Philistine slew ;  
How Samuel chose the young shepherd as king ;  
Of Ahab and Jezebel too.

And, far more important to you and to me,  
It tells of Christ's wonderful birth,  
How he lay in a stable as mean as could be,  
Although he created the earth.

How gentle, how patient, how godlike he was  
With awe and with wonder we read,  
And mourn that a being so holy, alas,  
For us worthless creatures should bleed.

It tells us he died to atone for our sin,  
And now lives in glory above,  
That if we will early to seek him begin  
We shall find him all blessing and love.

Lord, teach me more highly my Bible to prize,  
That doth such glad tidings record,  
And thus may it make me more holy and wise,  
And more like my Saviour and Lord.

Though other good books may be valued and read,  
May thine chiefest pleasure impart ;  
Though other good volumes have place in my head,  
May this reign supreme in my heart.



### GOD GLORIFIED.

THE most neglected lowly flower  
That gems the verdant sod,  
Proclaims its Maker's care and power,  
And glorifies its God.

The meanest bird that skims the air  
Of all the feathered throng,  
Trusts in its great Creator's care,  
And pays him with a song.

With greater powers than ye possess,  
And greater blessings too,  
Why should I praise my Maker less,  
Ye birds and flowers, than you ?

Why should I waste my youthful hours,  
Or why God's gifts conceal,  
While ye, with such inferior powers,  
Perform your parts so well?

Oh may I from thy creatures learn  
My duty, Lord, to thee,  
And make, like them, some small return  
For all thy love to me.

---

### THE HEART A GARDEN.

My heart is a garden : the weed and the flower  
Are growing and struggling there every hour ;  
And there I may find quite sufficient to do,  
The flowers to increase and the weeds to subdue.

The vices we know are the weeds to restrain,  
And the virtues the flowers to encourage and train,  
Lest the rank-growing vices should spread wide and high,  
And the slow struggling virtues should wither and die.

That sharp thistle, Anger, its prickles extends,  
And vexes alike both its foes and its friends,  
But a weed so unlovely I will not endure,  
For it would but disgrace my heart's garden, I'm sure.

That vile poppy, Sloth, seeks to spread o'er the ground,  
And with dull drowsy breath poison all things around,  
But oh, let me ever discourage its growth,  
For how barren the heart that is covered with sloth !

That nettle, too, Peevishness,—quarrelsome thing !—  
If you only just touch it, it straightway will sting :  
So it cannot have friends, as we well may suppose,  
And becomes but a curse to the heart where it grows.

That sour tulip, Pride, with its various dyes,  
What numberless efforts it makes to arise !  
But oh, may it never increase in my breast,  
For though 'tis so gay 'tis but stinking at best.

The delicate flowers, too, solicit my care,  
With their perfume so sweet and their colours so fair,  
Lest if I neglect them they haste to decay,  
And their fragrance and beauty soon wither away.

The fair lily, Purity, white as the snow,  
What pains must I take to assist her to grow !  
For what can more grace my heart's garden within  
Than deep love of goodness and hatred of sin ?

The violet, Modesty, fragrant and shy,  
Demands the best care of my hand and my eye :  
'Tis well worth the culture and ever admired,  
And the more so because 'tis so shy and retired.

And Usefulness, too, that fair clustering vine,  
That pleases with fruit and refreshes with wine,  
This, too, I must cherish as well as I can,  
That I may be useful to God and to man.

The ivy of Love, too, my hands shall employ,  
That twines round its neighbour in friendship and joy,  
That clings to each brother that grows by its side,  
To all by the bonds of affection allied.

To the fair rose of Piety care shall be given,  
That breathes up its fragrant devotions to heaven ;  
No flower will so fully my labours reward,  
The esteem of the good, the delight of the Lord.



Thus my heart is a garden : the weed and the flower  
Are growing and struggling there every hour ;  
And there I may find quite sufficient to do,  
The flowers to increase and the weeds to subdue.

---

### LITTLE ANNE.

Poor little Anne was very ill,  
The hour of death drew nigh,  
Yet she was calm and cheerful still,  
And not afraid to die.

For she had sought the Lord before,  
And well the Bible knew,  
And now to die, in this dread hour,  
Was all she had to do.

“ Oh had I now the Lord to seek,”  
With trembling joy she said,  
“ How could I here, so sick and weak,  
Have e’er repentance made ?

“ But I can now my Saviour praise,  
In death my joyful hope :  
He whom I sought in healthful days  
In sickness bears me up.

“ Why should I at his message sigh,  
Or at death’s summons grieve ?  
For those alone should fear to die  
Who have not learned to live.

“ Farewell :—I go to dwell above,  
From sin and pain released,  
And with the Lord of life and love  
To be completely blessed.

“ Tell every little girl and boy  
What dying Anne has said,  
Tell them she lives in heavenly joy,  
Although to this world dead.

“ Tell them that they must shortly die,  
Nor health nor youth can save ;  
That they, although as young as I,  
May find an early grave.

“Tell them to fear the Lord to-day,  
And seek him while they can,  
And recollect, lest they delay,  
The death of little Anne.”

---

### JACK FROST.

WHAT a very strange fellow Jack Frost must be !  
What a creature of mischief and fun !  
Just come to the window a moment and see  
What odd things the urchin has done.

The meadows were emerald green last night,  
And the ruffled pond was blue,  
But the mischievous elf has clothed in white  
The pond and the meadows too.

He's always on some strange frolic bent  
When the sun is out of the way,  
And prowls about, with felon intent,  
In winter, by night and by day.

Sometimes with glass he paves the flood,  
Or whitens the emerald dale,  
Or he scatters his wool o'er the naked wood,  
Or pelts the roof with hail.

I should like to know where his home may be,—  
Perhaps on Ben Nevis' crest,  
Or perhaps in the dreary Polar sea  
He makes his icy nest.

With silent tread when we're in bed  
He'll be at his pranks again,  
With Wind and Snow, and I don't know who,  
And the rest of his madcap men.

But we'll heap the blazing faggots high,  
And sit round the fire so bright,  
And we'll spend the day right cozily,  
And laugh at all his spite.

---

## OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

ALL children that obey the Lord  
Will fear their parents too,  
Will reverence their will and word,  
And pay them honour due.

But he that spurns a father's law,  
Or scorns a mother's rule,  
Destruction on his head shall draw,—  
A hardened, stubborn fool.

Despising all their kind advice,  
He runs sin's awful road,  
And, making his own will his choice,  
Rebels against his God.

Still worse and worse his course shall be,  
To ruin hurried on ;  
And all the good his presence flee,  
And scorn the graceless son.

Nor man will praise, nor God will bless  
His vile dishonoured name,  
But, lost to heaven and happiness,  
He sinks to grief and shame.

---

## MY OWN WAY.

WHEN a thoughtless young boy, I did often despise  
The reproofs and restraints of the old and the wise,  
I thought I could govern and guide myself too  
As well as the best or the wisest could do,  
And I looked with impatience and joy for the day  
When, no longer controlled, I should have my own way.

With no guide but my fancy, no law but my will,  
Pursuing my pleasure and happiness still,  
No longer restrained by the voice of command,  
Or led by authority's governing hand,  
I longed for my boyhood to hasten away,  
That, being a man, I might have my own way.

A man I became, and indignantly flung  
Aside all the laws that had bound me so long,  
I did as I chose, was commanded by none,  
And frowardly cared for no will but my own,  
My parents and friends would no longer obey,  
And had, what so long I had wished—my own way.

But I was not so happy, although I was free,  
As once in my folly I thought I should be,  
I found that my liberty only was care,  
The freedom of self-will was slavery to bear,  
To be my own guide was, alas, but to stray,  
And I soon found 't was misery to have my own way.

'T was good, I now saw, as my friends had oft told,  
That youth should be led by the wise and the old,  
The way of self-will, I at length understood,  
Led neither to happiness, honour, nor God,  
That bad men, and bad men alone disobey,  
But the good do not covet to have their own way.

So I humbly went back to the pious and wise,  
And lowly and teachable sought their advice,  
Their years of experience, example so bright,  
I thought must needs fit them to guide me aright,  
And taught by their precepts I vowed to obey,  
No longer desirous to have my own way.

Who scorns to be guided is wicked and vain,  
And the forward reap nought but dishonour and pain ;  
My spirit with humble obedience imbued,  
May I live in submission to conscience and God :  
In the paths of rebellion, Lord, let me not stray,  
But seek rather thy will than to have my own way.

---

## LOVE.

To love the Lord with all my heart,  
And love my neighbour too,—  
This is religion's chiefest part,  
And hardest still to do.

In vain I learn God's holy will,  
And read his Word in vain,  
Unless this love my bosom fill,  
And o'er my actions reign.

The Lord is love, and all his sons  
Will like their Father be ;  
Love is the vital stream that runs  
Through all God's family.



This was the Saviour's parting word,  
That men should love each other,—  
Should as a Father love the Lord,  
Their neighbour as a brother.

And as he taught, even such he was,  
His deeds his doctrines prove,  
For from the stable to the cross  
His life and death were love.

Then while my heart is soft and young  
May this best grace be mine,  
And heart and hand, and mind and tongue  
Be ruled by love divine.



### THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.

WE all of us feel (perhaps more than we ought)  
The pleasure there is in receiving ;  
But few will believe what our Saviour has taught,—  
That there is more pleasure in giving.

Yet had we a little less love for ourselves,  
And a little more love for our neighbour,  
Although we might lighten our stores and our shelves  
We should find a reward in our labour.

If our hands were more liberal to want and distress,  
And the poor man shared more in our treasures,  
We should brood o'er our own little troubles the less,  
And add to our comforts and pleasures.

Whatever it is that we have to enjoy,  
Companions increase its enjoyment ;  
There is not half the pleasure in putting it by  
As there is in its social employment.

The very plum-cake, which you know is so sweet,  
If shared with companions is sweeter,  
For the giver, again and again we repeat,  
Has far more delight than the eater.

Or knowledge, or money, whatever we boast,  
'Tis all only lent by our Maker ;  
The fool should be taught by the man who knows most,  
And the poor with the rich be partaker.

Then scorning in others' base footsteps to tread  
In luxury and selfishness living,  
I'll rather believe what my Saviour has said,  
And try the enjoyment of giving.

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### A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

THERE is a time to eat and drink,  
As everybody knows ;  
A time to talk, a time to think,  
To labour and repose.

There is a time to laugh and play,  
Our work and studies done ;  
A time to put our books away,  
And join in sport and fun.

The time for these full well we know,  
And seldom these forget,  
But we have other things to do  
Of more importance yet.

For there's a time to think on God,  
And holiness and sin,  
A time to seek the heavenly road,  
And search our hearts within.

There is a time to seek the Lord,  
And serve him while we're young,  
A time to read his holy Word,  
And praise him with a song.

There is a time to watch and pray,  
And lift our souls to God,  
A time to wash our sins away  
In Christ's atoning blood.

Then let us use each hour below,  
While yet we have the power,  
That we may be prepared to go  
Where time shall be no more.




## SIN.

God made the earth and sky, we read,  
The sea and all therein,  
But there's a thing he never made,—  
He ne'er created sin.

'Twas in fair Eden's happy bowers  
It first its course began,  
And still infests this world of ours,  
And ruins wretched man.

It cast the angels down from God,  
And man from Eden too,  
And summoned forth that mighty flood,  
The worst earth ever knew.

The waters overwhelmed the earth,  
And all, but eight, were drowned,  
But Sin survived, and hurried forth  
To spread destruction round.



In Sodom soon its power was shown,  
And vile Gomorrah's plain,  
And though by floods of fire o'erthrown,  
Yet Sin escaped again.

Still does it run its hated course,  
And still succeeds too well,  
Still carries with it every curse,—  
Disease, and death, and hell.

This sin, by God so much abhorred,  
Besets both you and me,  
And only Jesus, blessed Lord !  
Can set our spirits free :

He came to save our fallen race,  
And take all sin away,  
And still he lives to save and bless  
His people when they pray.

Jesus, our eyes are up to thee  
To make our natures clean :  
Oh set thy struggling children free !  
Oh save us all from sin !

## BENJAMIN'S APPLE-TREE.

IN Benjamin's garden an apple-tree grew,  
But few were the apples it bore,  
And what was still worse, they were not only few,  
But little, ill-tasted, and sour.

Ben pruned and manured it again and again,  
But lost were his labour and skill,  
His ceaseless exertions were useless and vain  
For it bore but wild crab-apples still.

"Depend on it, Ben," said his father, one day,  
"In spite of your labour and care,  
As long as 'tis wild you may prune as you may,  
But nothing but crabs will it bear.

"Your tree must be grafted to bring you good fruit,  
Like the trees in the orchard hard by ;  
And if you will run there and cut me a shoot  
We'll straight the experiment try."

The slip was produced and the clay was applied ;  
And long ere two summers were o'er,  
The village beheld it young Benjamin's pride,  
Such excellent apples it bore.

" You see," said his father, " that grafting alone  
Can better a crab-apple tree,  
And grafting is equally needful, my son,  
For such worthless crab-trees as we.

" Our hearts are by nature polluted with sin,  
Like your crab which was wild to the root ;  
And as is the sap which is flowing within,  
Even so will be also the fruit.

" But grafted on Jesus by faith, my good lad,  
And renewed by the Spirit of grace,  
Our hearts, though by nature so worthless and bad,  
May bring forth good fruit to his praise."

Ben's father is dead, and all quietly lies  
In the church-yard beneath the green sod,  
But oft Ben remembers his pious advice,  
And thinks on his heart and his God.



## THE TONGUE.

THOUGH the tongue so mean appears,  
Well it needs our highest care,  
For 'tis abused, Saint James declares,  
More than all our members are.

Savage beasts that roam the wood,  
Men have learned to conquer them,  
And guide huge vessels o'er the flood,  
But few this restless member tame.

'Tis with this same little tongue  
That speaks the curse and lie abhorr'd,  
Men raise to Heaven their thankful song,  
And pray to their Almighty Lord.

'Tis the tongue that kindles strife,  
More like the serpent than the dove ;  
'Tis the tongue that sweetens life  
With words of kindness and of love.

Let us rule this member then,  
With sympathy and love imbued,  
Speaking still to God for men,  
Speaking still to men for God.

This unruly tongue of ours  
Let us never more abuse ;  
As it hath the highest powers,  
Let it have the noblest use.

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### THE WATCHMAN.

WHEN boys and girls are fast asleep,  
And all is dark around,  
The watchman yet his guard doth keep,  
And still abroad is found ;  
For much there is of store and gold  
That asks his guardian care,  
And many a robber sly and bold  
May lurk and plunder there.

And so must, we my little friend,  
Keep watch by night and day,  
For we have treasure to defend,  
And thieves beset our way :  
The soul, above all riches great,  
Is to our keeping given,  
And thievish sins around us wait  
To rob us all of heaven.

Then let us ne'er forget the soul,  
But watch its interests well,  
For soon this life away shall roll,  
And end in heaven or hell :  
Let this be still our chiefest care,  
Our greatest, first employ ;  
Thus watching shall we best prepare  
For everlasting joy.

---

**“ KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.”**

WHAT numerous instances we find  
Proving the mighty power of mind !  
We see around us every hour  
That knowledge certainly is power.

Why does the horse acknowledge still  
His feeble rider's word and will ?—  
'Tis mind that regulates and sways,  
While giant ignorance obeys.

Why does the ship in safety ride,  
Spite of opposing wind and tide ?—  
'Tis mind that speeds it through the main,  
And winds and waves oppose in vain.

Why is the whale, of mountain size,  
A prey to feeble enemies ?—  
'Tis mind that aids his puny foe  
To brave the flood and strike the blow.

Had he a mind, man would not dare  
To rouse the lion from his lair ;  
Had he but mind, the ponderous bull  
Would scorn the feeble farmer's rule.

Could he but think as you can do,  
And understand and reason too,  
The patient ass would not allow  
The injuries he suffers now.

But mind is power, and still subdues  
All senseless matter to its use,  
And mindless force may not withstand  
Man's weak but thought-directed hand.

'Tis mind—the power to think and know—  
That makes man lord of all below ;  
'Tis mind that soars to heaven above,  
And communes with Eternal Love.

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## THE BEGGAR.

Poor man, we have no lordly store,  
Or you our gifts should share,  
For we ourselves are mean and poor,  
And many a hardship bear.

But if we have no splendid hoard  
We have a heart to feel,  
So set you down beside the board,  
And share our simple meal.

Your snowy locks and tottering frame  
Denote life's ebbing stream,  
And poverty with age should claim  
Our kindness and esteem.

To-night no further travel on,  
But in our dwelling stay ;  
To-morrow with the rising sun  
You can pursue your way.

For bitter blows the winter wind  
Across the barren moor,  
And 't would be cruel and unkind  
To turn you from the door.

Some humble straw, though clean and dry,  
Is all we have to grant,  
And this poor trifle to supply  
To-morrow's pressing want.

And may each blessing you can need,  
Or bounteous Heaven bestow,  
Descend upon your hoary head  
Life's rugged journey through.



### IDLENESS.

Do look at that ragged and indolent lout,  
He seems to detest honest labour ;  
He's careful for nought but to idle about,  
Or chat with some gossiping neighbour.

His person unwashed, and his clothes too all torn,  
The good and industrious fly him,  
And, warning their sons, the considerate mourn,  
As they sigh, and pass silently by him.

He often was warned, when a careless young lad,  
His sloth would bring on his undoing,  
But still he would follow the lazy and bad,  
With them his destruction pursuing.

Too idle to learn and improve when a boy,  
Detesting his book and his master,  
His mind has no knowledge, his hands no employ,  
And his life is one constant disaster.

Young Thomas the farmer went with him to school,  
But Tom was industrious and steady ;  
At labour no laggard, at learning no fool,  
He owns a snug farm-house already.

We see from such cases the truth very plain  
Of what the wise Solomon says,—  
That while industry tends both to honour and gain,  
Sloth leads but to rags and disgrace.



## ADAM IN PARADISE.

How happy must Adam, our father, have been,  
While, yet unacquainted with sorrow and sin,  
    He dwelt in the garden so fair :  
The flowers were of every perfume and dye,  
And all that could gladden the heart and the eye  
    Was lavished abundantly there.

The grove and the meadow, the garden and stream,  
All offered their various beauties to him,  
    And filled him with joy and delight ;  
And all the employment that burdened his hours  
Was to twine the young plants round the natural bowers,  
    And train the young fruit-trees aright.

The lion beside him all quietly lay,  
The tiger rolled round him in frolicsome play,  
    And the wolf frisked about with the lamb ;  
The eagle-eyed hawk nestled down with the dove,  
And all lived together in kindness and love,  
    For each was so gentle and tame.

And, still more delightful, our father was free  
From all those dark sins that degrade you and me,  
    For Adam all evil abhorr'd :  
He loved his Creator, and walked in his ways,  
And found his delight in devotion and praise,  
    Thus he walked in the fear of the Lord.

But ah ! in an evil—a sorrowful hour,  
Foul Satan broke into the heavenly bower,  
    And Adam from holiness fell ;  
His daring provoked the just judgment of Heaven,  
And straight was our father from Paradise driven,  
    No more in fair Eden to dwell.

Alas, what a horrible evil is sin,  
That thus it so slyly should worm itself in,  
    And rob us of virtue and peace !  
Death, sorrow, and sickness, came on in its train,  
And Adam's transgression, too soon it was plain,  
    Had stained and infected our race.

But Christ in his mercy came down from his throne,  
To purchase our peace at the price of his own,—  
    Yea, even his blood was the cost ;  
Then let us mourn over lost Eden no more,  
Since Jesus has promised again to restore  
    Even more than our ancestor lost.

## FORTUNE-TELLING.

THE gipsies tell us they can read  
The dark uncertain morrow,  
Though well we know God hides from man  
Its happiness or sorrow.

But some things we may all foretell,  
They come to pass so certain :—  
I'll tell your fortune if you will,  
And lift to-morrow's curtain.

Say, are you peevish, fretful, cross,  
Nursing a vile ill-temper ?—  
Your friends will fly you as a curse,  
Or horrible distemper.

Are you a vain and flaunting thing,  
Proud of your dress or station ?—  
Here or hereafter pride must bow,  
And suffer degradation.

Is self the ruler of your heart,  
The idol of your bosom?—  
If youth so base a bud produce,  
How vile will be the blossom!

Are you an idle sluggish drone,  
In youth's fresh seed-time sleeping?—  
Then yours will be a barren age,  
An autumn with no reaping.

Our fortune thus we make or mar,—  
Our blessing or undoing :  
Our habits are our fortune still,  
Our happiness or ruin.

Heaven means to us the highest good  
That we can be possessing,  
And 'tis our fault if we should lose  
Its everlasting blessing.

Such things are all we need to know  
Of future joy or sorrow ;  
Do you your duty well to-day,  
And fear no ill to-morrow.

## THE HARD LESSON.

I CANNOT learn my task, Mama,  
It is so very hard ;  
Do let me put my books away,  
And play about the yard :  
It is so dull, and long, and dry  
I fain would give it up,  
So let me put the lesson by,  
And play at ball or hoop.

For shame, for shame, you idle lad,  
You scarcely try to learn it,  
As soon as you behold your task  
You straight despise and spurn it ;  
There is a time to play indeed,  
Which seldom you forget,  
But now's the time to learn and read,  
'Tis not the play-time yet.

Ah, Edward, when a man you 'll mourn  
Your boyhood thrown away,  
And wish you had the time to learn  
You spent in trifling play :  
The knowledge that you now despise  
You then will more regard,  
And wish in youth you'd been more wise,  
And learned to study hard.

If such a trifling task as this  
Be unsubdued and master,  
You 'll meet, in life's great business,  
Much trouble and disaster : •  
To those who patient time afford  
Soon difficulties fly ;  
I cannot, is the sluggard's word,  
Let this be yours,—I'll try.

---

## CRUELTY.

WHY should my cruel hands destroy  
What God was pleased to form,  
Or torture, with malicious joy,  
The unoffending worm?

For worms were formed by that same Power  
That made both me and you,  
And he who keeps us every hour  
Sustains the insect too.

He in his wisdom gave them birth,  
The mighty and the small,  
And in this vast capacious earth  
Gives room enough for all.

Then let them live and happy be,  
And praise their Maker still,  
And through earth's various family  
Be kindness and good-will.

To take delight in causing pain  
Is sure a devilish joy :  
Hateful alike to God and men  
Is such accursed employ.

But children of a better mind,  
Who love and fear the Lord,  
Will be more merciful and kind,  
And hold the sin abhorred.

Go, little bird, and build in peace,  
I would not seize your nest ;  
Nor spoil, poor fly, your happiness,  
So brief, alas, at best.

Ye have your various work to do,  
Your duties to fulfil ;  
May I do mine as well as you,  
As well perform God's will.

Oh may I ne'er abuse my power  
O'er meanest things that be,  
But show that mercy every hour  
Which God extends to me !




## MY GARDEN.

THE various flowers that in my garden grow  
Not only please me but instruct me too ;  
And while with fresh delight their forms I see,  
Each has some lesson, some advice for me.

Be modest and retired, the Violet says,  
Seek not for ever man's admiring gaze ;  
Better with me in lowly sweetness hide  
Than be a vain obtruding child of pride.

Be thankful and content, the Stonecrop cries,  
See what a little can my wants suffice ;  
Even on this barren roof I grow and thrive,—  
Thus on a little learn, like me, to live.

Boast not of beauty, says the blushing Rose,  
Tomorrow's setting sun my life will close,  
My leaves will scatter in the evening wind,—  
Like me, at least some fragrance leave behind.



Judge not in haste, the Strawberry exclaims,  
Wisdom examines ere it harshly blames :  
To careless eyes I seem a barren root,  
But search beneath and you shall find some fruit.

See, says the Sunflower, how, from morn till night,  
I turn towards the sun of life and light ;  
So turn, from youth to age, with love and fear,  
To Him who makes thy comfort still his care.

See, says the clinging Ivy, though but weak,  
A stronger form to twine around I seek ;  
Seek thou the help of God, so freely given,  
That thou, although so weak, mayst climb to heaven.

Thus the fair flowers that in my garden grow  
Not only please me but instruct me too :  
Thus, while with fresh delight their forms I see,  
Each has some lesson, some advice, for me.

---

## THE HOUSE OF HOPE.

THOUGH all men build the house of hope,  
Wise builders are but few :  
Spurning God's rule to build it up,  
Men their own plans pursue.

The miser builds on bags of gold  
And dreams his house secure,  
But soon he finds, when sick and old,  
How vain is all his store.

The proud man builds on lofty schemes,  
Like cloudy towers on high ;  
But soon or late they prove but dreams,  
And in life's evening die.

The man of business builds on ease,  
The warrior on renown ;  
The citizen on rural peace,  
The countryman on town.

Youth builds on manhood,—sickness, health,  
The base on high degree,  
Want builds his house of hope on wealth,  
And pride on dignity.

Built on earth's shifting treacherous sand,  
These cannot brave the blast ;  
Though fair and strong awhile they stand,  
They disappoint at last.

But comfort still his building yields,  
Secure is his abode,  
Who, taught by Heaven, wisely builds  
His house of hope on God.

When pleasure dies, and wealth is poor,  
And honour drops its wreath,  
His house of hope shall still be sure,  
In sickness, age, and death.

---

## THE HARVEST.

THE mighty harvest of the earth  
Is ripening for the Lord,  
And he shall send his angels forth  
To reap it with the sword.

Here wheat and weeds together grow,  
The corn is mixed with tares,  
But God doth well the difference know,  
And each a place prepares.

The weeds awhile may thrive indeed,  
The wheat may suffer scorn,  
But God rejects the worthless weed,  
And loves the precious corn.

His watchful eye surveys the crop  
With sorrow and desire,  
And all the corn will treasure up,  
And burn the tares with fire.

Safe in the garner of the sky  
The good shall ever dwell,  
While sinners (worthless weeds) supply  
The greedy flames of hell.

Oh when the awful hour shall come,  
And God's dread trumpet sound,  
May I, in earth's great harvest-home,  
No worthless weed be found !



## MORNING HYMN.

THOU who hast in mercy bless'd  
Through the night my helpless rest,  
Condescend, O Lord, to hear  
This my waking praise and prayer.

Through the day I now begin  
Keep me free from every sin ;  
Cheerful, happy, good, content,  
May each hour for thee be spent.

May the powers preserved to me  
All be used this day for thee,—  
Hand and tongue, and mind and will  
Do thy holy bidding still.

I am weak, with me abide,  
Still my guard, and strength, and guide ;  
I am foolish, make me wise,  
Train my spirit for the skies.

Satisfy each real want,  
Every needful blessing grant,  
Every past offence forgive,  
And may I more like Jesus live.

Thus may every day that's given,  
Find me training still for heaven,  
Every hour that hurries past  
Fit me better for the last.

---

## EVENING HYMN.

ERE I lay my weary head  
On my soft and curtained bed,  
Hear my thanks, O Lord, I pray,  
For thy blessings through the day.

Morning, evening,—every hour  
Hath declared thy love and power,  
And at last day's happy close  
Brings me safe and sweet repose.

If in thought, or deed, or word,  
I this day have grieved thee, Lord,  
For Jesu's sake forgive the sin,  
And make my heart and conscience clean.

O'er my rest thy watching keep,  
Bless me with refreshing sleep,  
Parents, friends, and neighbours bless,  
Through the dark night's helplessness.



And when life's last hour is nigh,  
And I lay me down to die,  
May the grave no more affright  
Than my little bed to-night.

---

### THE HEART.

HE that aspires to virtuous deeds  
Must keep the heart within,  
For from this hidden source proceeds  
Our holiness or sin.

We cleanse the muddy stream in vain  
If filthy be the source,  
The troubled stream will flow again,  
Polluting in its course.

We cannot hope for wholesome fruit  
From a corrupted tree :  
If tainted be the hidden root  
Such must the produce be.

How good, then, was the sage advice  
Of Israel's wisest king,—  
To keep our heart with watchful eyes,  
As thence our actions spring !

My breast, then, let me ever guard  
From each approach of ill,  
Lest sin should make my conscience hard,  
And all my bosom fill.

Each virtuous thought each good desire  
Still let me cherish there,  
And fan the pure and holy fire  
With ever-jealous care.

Thus while I try to keep my heart  
May God his blessing grant,  
And all that heavenly grace impart  
Which I so greatly want.



## THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

THE day of little things  
Oh never dare despise,—  
Thus taught that chief of ancient kings,  
Great Solomon the wise.

'Tis still by slow degrees,  
And steps obscure and small,  
We rise to holy dignities,  
Or into ruin fall.

The most abandoned thief  
Was once an honest youth,  
And he of liars first and chief  
Once always told the truth.

But silently and slow  
From bad to worse they ran,  
The bud allowed in youth to grow  
Expanded in the man.

And thus the holiest too  
Were once as weak as I ;  
'T was by degrees their goodness grew,  
By steps they climbed the sky.

Since great events, I see,  
On little things depend,  
May every footstep, Lord, to thee,  
In love and duty tend.

Each little habit still,  
Each little season given,—  
May all incline me to thy will,  
And fit my soul for heaven.



### BAD COMPANY.

From bad companions I must turn,  
Nor in their friendship stay,  
Lest I their wicked actions learn,  
And be as vile as they.

Who steals or loves the lie abhorr'd  
Shall be no friend for me ;  
How can I walk with him, O Lord,  
Who will not walk with thee ?

Though all mankind shall share my heart,  
I'll give my hand to few,  
And from the wicked far depart,  
Ere I be wicked too.

As he that handles pitch and tar  
Can surely not be clean,  
So he that stays where sinners are  
Will be defiled by sin.

He that will share the scoffer's road  
Shall share the scoffer's doom,  
But he that seeks the saint's abode  
Shall find his heavenly home.



## WAR.

SINCE all mankind are brothers dear,  
    Why should they so delight  
To meet with hostile sword and spear,  
    And quarrel, strive, and fight?

Why should that earth God made so good,  
    For peace and love ordained,  
Be trampled down by men of blood,  
    With crimson carnage stained?

What though men are of different hue,  
    And use a different speech,  
All from one God their being drew,  
    Who loves and blesses each.

The Russians live not at our side,  
    They dwell in distant parts,  
But if the ocean does divide  
    It need not sever hearts.

There's many a tongue is strange to us,  
Which few can understand,  
But love's a language all can use,  
And known in every land.

Soon may the hearts that thirst for war  
Be filled with love divine,  
The hands that grasp the sword and spear  
In peace and friendship join.

May nations far and near agree,  
May war and discord cease,  
And all God's mighty family  
Together dwell in peace.

---

### DAVID AND SOLOMON.

THERE were two kings in ancient days  
That filled the Jewish throne ;  
The one was David, Scripture says,  
The other, Solomon.

Now Solomon, in learned lore,  
Surpassed the wisest men ;  
There ne'er was one so wise before,  
Nor e'er shall be again.

To study beasts, and herbs, and trees,  
Was his supreme delight,  
And on the properties of these  
He pondered day and night.

He could explain the deepest laws,  
So wondrous shrewd was he ;  
And judge the most perplexing cause,  
Though subtle as could be.

The Queen of Sheba came from far  
To hear his sage replies,  
And all the tribes astonished were  
To see a man so wise.

His father David more inclined  
To choose a different part,  
And if he had a feebler mind  
Possessed a better heart.



While Solomon, on study bent,  
Pierced Nature's dark abode,  
The pious David was intent  
To know and follow God.

The Sage was called the wisest man,  
In God's eternal Word ;  
But David's better title ran—  
The favourite of the Lord.

Oh who would not with David gain  
Such honour from on high,  
Than all the praise of all the men  
That dwell beneath the sky !

I'll care for man's applause no more,  
If, Lord, secure of thine :  
Who will may take the Sage's lore,  
So David's love be mine.



## THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A LOOKING-GLASS often is useful, we find,  
To keep ourselves decent and clean ;  
We can see what is wrong when we look in the glass,  
And cleanse off the dirt from our clothes or our face,  
And make ourselves fit to be seen.

The Bible, we read, is a glass for the mind,  
Where we our own image may see ;  
It shows us our weakness, our folly, and pride,  
Our anger, and fifty black passions beside,  
As hateful as hateful can be.

But looking alone will not alter our face,  
Nor reading the Bible our heart,  
But, seeing the dirt, we must wash it away,  
And learning our sins, must repent and obey,  
And from all that is evil depart.

If we look in this glass and will yet persevere  
In what we must know to be sin,  
'Tis a sign we're too idle to try to amend,  
Or else are too wicked to wish or intend  
To cleanse the corruption within.

Christ Jesus came down for this very same end,  
Our cleanness from sin to procure ;  
His blood is sufficient to wash out the stain,  
His Spirit is offered to cleanse us again,  
And he bids us to wash and be pure.



### MOSES.

ON proud Egypt's reedy water  
Lo, the infant Moses lies ;  
Cruel Pharaoh, bent on slaughter,  
Must not find him or he dies.

There his sobbing mother laid him,  
In his little osier bed,  
Praying Israel's God to aid him,  
Bless and guard his infant head.

While she sighs farewell for ever, '  
Pharaoh's daughter passes by,  
In the reeds of that dark river  
Sees the lovely infant lie.

In her royal palace tended,  
By his own fond mother reared,  
Soon the child so unbefriended  
Grew a man renowned and feared.

But a court could not seduce him,  
Nor its pleasures all outpoured ;  
Gold nor grandeur could induce him  
To neglect or leave the Lord.

Forty years through deserts dreary  
Moses led God's people on,  
Neither age nor cares could weary,  
Till his Master's work was done.

Where he once, a child, had floated,  
There he waved his mystic rod ;  
There the prophet so devoted  
Turned the river into blood.

When at length his hair grew hoary,  
Honoured, useful, blessing, blest,  
God received him up to glory,  
Changed his labour into rest.

Thus we learn, whate'er betide us,  
God can save though hope be dim,  
That, if good, the Lord will guide us,—  
Honour those who honour him.

May my zeal, like that of Moses,  
Urge me on to works divine ;—  
God, who all events disposes,  
Be, and be for ever, mine.

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## JOTHAM'S PARABLE.

'Tis only little minds that sigh  
For honour, power, and dignity,  
And seek, by pompous place and dress,  
To hide their real littleness ;  
But virtue seeks not lofty state,  
For he that's good must needs be great.  
To teach this truth in days of old,  
Jotham, we read, this fable told.

In council full, for grave debate,  
The forest trees together met  
To choose a king, whose lordly sway  
The rest should all with awe obey.  
The Olive long beloved had been  
For shape so fair and leaf so green,  
Long for its fruit and oil had fame  
Exalted its distinguished name,  
And as such great and just renown  
Seemed best to claim the vacant crown

They urged to him their earnest prayer  
That he the cares of state would bear.  
“No,” said the Olive, “’tis in vain,  
I have no proud desire to reign :  
Long have I lived content to toil  
That men might share my fruit and oil,  
And shall my useful labours cease  
That I in splendour may increase,  
And all my powers be thrown away  
For useless pomp and proud display?  
Let others sigh to glare and shine,  
Be usefulness and goodness mine.”  
“Come thou, then, Fig-tree, be our head,  
And bless us with thy ample shade,  
Thy comely size and valued fruit  
But ill thy mean condition suit ;  
Low at thy footstool here we bow,  
Thy subjects we, our monarch thou.”  
“It may not be,” the Fig replied,  
“I seek no place of pomp or pride,  
My own condition, if ’tis low,  
I feel assured is useful too.  
Why should my fruit, so prized and fair,  
Be sacrificed to regal care,

Why should I this distinction crave,  
Which would but waste the powers I have ?  
For pomp and place let others sigh,  
Virtue is truest dignity.”  
“ Then come,” said they, “ thou graceful Vine,  
The honoured diadem be thine,  
Thy clustering fruit and matchless grace  
Demand for thee the highest place.”  
“ No,” said the Vine, “ the cares of state  
Would soon my beauty desolate ;  
My usefulness would soon be o’er,  
My graceful tendrils climb no more,  
And man, with care and grief oppress’d,  
Who then should cheer his drooping breast ?  
Your good opinion much I prize,  
But dignity and place despise :  
What can I gain with powers endued  
To cherish man and honour God ?”  
“ Come, Bramble, thou, then,” said they all,  
“ And let us at thy footstool fall,  
Dread Bramble, take the empty throne,  
And make the honour all thy own,  
Thy rugged form and prickly leaf  
Befit thee well to be our chief.”



“Agreed,” the Bramble quick replied,  
“Then shelter round my thorny side,  
Revere my laws, obey my will,  
Be meek, submissive, humble still ;  
Secure my smile, beware my frown,  
And mine shall be the honoured crown.”

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### WISHING.

If wishes were efforts most men would be great,  
For most are desirous of wealth and estate ;  
But as they only prosper who choose to work hard,  
The indolent wishers have little reward.

If wishes were efforts most men would be wise,  
For the ignorant booby all people despise,  
But who can be clever by wishing alone ?—  
We must study for knowledge, or else can have none.

If wishes were efforts most men would be good,  
For that goodness is best is by most understood,  
But to strive for that goodness is known to but few,  
To wish for it only is all they will do.

All labour is gainful, as Solomon says,  
But the wish of the slothful will end in disgrace ;  
To wish is, believe me, too easy a road  
To lead us to riches, or learning, or God.

Who works with his hands shall not often be poor,  
Who works with his mind shall improve more and more,  
Who works with his heart shall be blessed by the Lord,  
But the wish of the sluggard no gain can afford.

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### THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

WHERE'ER I go, the Lord is there,  
For he is present everywhere ;  
Whether I walk, or sit, or lie,  
He still does every action spy.

And though I should to darkness haste,  
Or hide in forests drear and vast,  
His eye would mark my lonely way,  
And turn the darkness into day.

Even if base thoughts, though unexpress'd,  
Should lurk unspoken in my breast,  
He would detect the hidden sin,  
And mark the skulking fault within.

Then let me humbly learn to fear  
A God who is for ever near,  
Whose penetrating eye surveys  
My deepest thoughts and darkest ways.

Let me thus live as in his sight,  
His presence my supreme delight,  
Nor e'er forget this solemn thought—  
I cannot be where God is not.



### AUTUMN.

THE fields are filled with golden grain,  
The blushing fruit-trees bend ;  
The farmer's gloomy fears were vain,  
His doubts in plenty end.

Now shall he reap in fervent joy  
What once he sowed in hope ;  
Though blight and mildew oft destroy  
Yet Heaven secures the crop.

The widow seeks the harvest-field  
To glean the scattered ears,  
And while her lap with corn is filled  
She smiles at former fears.

A thousand barns with grain are stored,  
Secure from hail and snows,  
And, from a thousand presses poured,  
The gushing cider flows.

Thou God of harvest, great and good,  
Whose mercy crowns our days,  
As thou hast filled each mouth with food  
Fill every heart with praise.

---

## HAPPY SUNDAY.

HAPPY, happy Sunday,  
Thou day of peace and heaven,  
'Tis fit we should give one day  
To Him who gives us seven ;  
Though other days bring sadness  
Thou bidst us cease to mourn,  
Then hail, thou day of gladness,  
I welcome thy return.

Happy, happy Sunday,  
We shall not toil to-day ;  
Postponed to busy Monday  
We put all work away :  
Thy face is ever smiling,  
Thou fairest of the seven ;  
They only speak of toiling,  
But thou of rest and heaven.

Happy, happy Sunday,  
The bells even seem to speak,—  
“ Give thy Creator one day,  
Who gives thee all the week :”  
We’ll leave our daily labour,  
And pay our homage there,  
And seek, with friend, and neighbour,  
The open house of prayer.

Happy, happy Sunday,  
Thy holy hours I prize,  
Thou art indeed Heaven’s own day,  
The emblem of the skies :  
May I, O Lord, inherit  
That rest when life is o’er,  
And with each holy spirit  
Adore thee evermore.

---

## IMPROVEMENT.

How many poor children I see every day  
Who have no one to guide them aright !  
No wonder in vice they should wander astray,  
And in all that is evil delight.

But I, who have got a good Bible to read,  
And parents so anxious and kind,  
Shall prove myself vile and ungrateful indeed  
If I still am perversely inclined.

These blessings will rise at God's terrible bar  
If I do not grow better by them,  
And my Bible, neglected, will also be there,  
And my friends and my teachers condemn.

Then let me attend and make haste to improve  
With every fresh season that's given,  
And pray to the Lord of all mercy and love  
To train me for virtue and heaven.

## TOMORROW.

TOMORROW had need be a very long day,  
Or what will they do who postpone and delay,  
    And put off their duties till then ?  
And yet we all find, when tomorrow has come,  
That for yesterday's work it will make little room,  
    And we needs must postpone it again.

To thousands tomorrow will never arrive,  
And if we are spared and it find us alive  
    We yet may be feeble or ill :  
Besides, it will have its own business to do,  
With its thoughts, and its labours, and cares, not a few,  
    Sufficient each moment to fill.

To-day, says the dunce, to my playthings I turn,  
Tomorrow, tomorrow my lesson I'll learn,  
    But tomorrow still finds him the same :  
Tomorrow I'll rouse me, the sluggard still cries,  
But while he is yawning it comes and it flies,  
    And adds to his sin and his shame.



Tomorrow, the sinner repentingly says,  
I vow to reform all my reprobate ways,  
    But tomorrow will laugh at his vow ;  
He deceives both himself and despises his God  
Who delays till tomorrow to turn from that road  
    Where conscience accuses him now.

The work of to-day, then, I must not postpone,  
Lest if I delay it should never be done,  
    For I only am sure of to-day :  
Of each single hour I must give a report,  
And to-day is too long and tomorrow too short  
    To allow of neglect or delay.



### CLEANLINESS.

WHATEVER things are scarce and dear  
Water is plenty everywhere,  
And therefore 'tis a great disgrace  
To go with dirty hands or face.

The pigs in filth and dirt delight,  
Rolling in mud from morn till night ;  
And ducks are nasty creatures too ;  
But dirt disgraces me and you.

A cleanly person, all will find,  
Is good for body, soul, and mind :  
For cleanly habits all should strive,  
The dirty are but half alive.

Though many sigh they are so plain  
This is a beauty all may gain,  
For cleanness is a beauty still  
That every one may have that will.

Even humble, unpretending puss  
This lesson seems to teach to us :  
With busy paw, we oft have seen,  
How fond she is of being clean.

If but the mind is pure within  
We shall not choose a dirty skin,  
For most uncleanly habits rise  
From sloth, or ignorance, or vice.

Then in myself and in my dress  
Still let me study cleanliness,  
And may my outward cleanness be  
A sign of inward purity.

## TRUE GLORY.

WE all have heard of Cæsar's name,  
And Alexander's too,  
And how in war, for empty fame,  
Their fellow-men they slew.

'T was Cæsar's vile inhuman boast,  
Such multitudes were slain,  
That his destructive wars had cost  
Twelve hundred thousand men.

And Alexander wept, 'tis said,  
His bloody battles o'er,  
That such vast conquests he had made  
He could subdue no more.

But what are conquests such as these,  
Or all such heroes win,  
Compared with his great victories  
Who conquers his own sin ?

Who conquers self, ambition, pride,  
A greater victory gains  
Than he who spreads his conquests wide  
O'er oceans, hills, and plains.

With efforts less than they bestowed  
On schemes of fame and blood,  
They might have trod heaven's narrow road,  
And ranked among the good.

However grand their deeds appear  
Their wickedness is plain,  
And if they mighty warriors were  
Yet they were bloody men.

Heroes like these we'll praise no more,  
Whatever others do :  
He is the greatest conqueror  
Who doth himself subdue.

---

## WORK.

SOME people think work is a very bad thing,  
And wish there was none to be done,  
But idleness never can happiness bring,  
As all that have tried it must own.

All things have their labour,—the thunder and storm,  
The wind, and the hail, and the snow,  
The stars have their several work to perform,  
And the sun is no idler we know.

And God is at work with his hand and his eye  
That we may be guarded and fed;  
What labour is needed ere God can supply  
His creatures with clothing and bread !

Then why should I live the dull life of a drone  
Since all things are busy around,  
And in doing the work God has given to be done  
The truest enjoyment is found ?

A constant employment, if 'tis not too hard,  
Is good for the body and mind,  
And health, strength and peace is the certain reward  
That industry ever shall find.

The envied great man, with his park and his hall,  
Descendant of fortune and birth,  
Oft feels that the doing of nothing at all  
Is the dullest employment on earth.

I'll rather rejoice that 'tis given me to do,  
And not look on work with disgust,  
For 'tis both our duty and dignity too,  
And 'tis better to wear than to rust.

The law that commands us to cease on God's day  
Directs us to work on the rest,  
And although we might wish to do nothing or play  
Yet what God commands must be best.

---

## THE AUCTIONEER.

COME round, little friends, for a moment draw near,  
And listen awhile to a grave auctioneer  
    Who has yet a good bargain to sell ;  
He will not deceive, as some auctioneers do,  
But all that he says shall be honest and true,  
    So trust him in all he shall tell.

Though my lot is so good, and of far greater worth  
Than all the heaped gold and the silver of earth,  
    Yet the poorest may buy if he will ;  
Nor yet need there be but one buyer alone,  
But all may straight purchase and make it their own,  
    Though ten times more numerous still.

But I see by your looks you are anxious to know  
What this fine lot may be that I recommend so,  
    And what is the price I demand :  
The lot, then, is Piety precious and rare,  
And the price you must pay, too, is effort and prayer,  
    Which I think you can well understand.

This purchase will make you both happy and pure,  
Will last you when wealth shall no longer endure,  
    For ever your blessing and joy ;  
And as each one can try and as each one can pray,  
This effort and prayer is the price you must pay,  
    If you wisely this treasure would buy.

Oh struggle to put every evil aside,  
Disobedience and anger, ill-nature and pride,  
    And strive after goodness and love ;  
And while you endeavour, forget not to seek  
The blessing of Him who can strengthen the weak,  
    And who will both assist and approve.

Remember, young friends, the wise merchant of old,  
Who all his possessions and merchandise sold,  
    The pearl of great price to obtain ;  
Forget not your duty to pray and to try,  
And Piety thus you shall certainly buy,  
    And to virtue and heaven attain.





## THE SERMON.

CLOSED was the preacher's last appeal,  
The worshippers were gone,  
Though some still lingered here and there  
Round many a sod and stone,  
When up there ran a little lad,—  
“Sir, is the sermon done?”

“The preacher's words,” replied the man,  
Are ended, it is true ;  
But those great duties he has taught  
Demand attention too ;  
And so the sermon is not done,  
But it is all to do.

“’Tis easy a short Sabbath hour  
To hear of wisdom's way,  
To listen to the will of God,  
And mark what preachers say ;  
But this is hard, throughout the week,  
To practise and obey.

“ Then will the sermon, boy, be done,  
When evil is abhorred,  
God, not alone on this his day,  
But every hour, adored,  
And piety makes every place  
A temple to the Lord.”



## HEAVEN.

FAR beyond the farthest sky,  
Never seen by mortal eye,  
Heaven in dazzling beauty lies,—  
An unfading paradise.

Evening dim, and gloomy night  
Never veil that world of light ;  
Winter never sojourns there,  
Summer reigns throughout the year.

In one bright unclouded day  
Endless ages roll away ;  
There, beneath the unsetting sun,  
Years of ceaseless pleasure run.

There the good, in concord sweet,  
Worship at Jehovah's feet,  
Raise the song with joy unknown,  
Circling round his holy throne.

Works of love and songs of joy  
All the happy hours employ;  
Sickness, trouble, want, and pain  
Seek admittance there in vain.

There shall He who, laughed to scorn,  
Wore the piercing crown of thorn,  
Hear his praise in sweetest chords,  
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Oh may I, when life is past,  
Join that happy throng at last;  
Through the great Redeemer's blood  
Sing with them and dwell with God.

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## THE ASS.

THE Donkey plods along the road,  
And drags with pain a heavy load  
    For his unfeeling master,  
Who little in return bestows  
But brutal kicks and cruel blows  
    To urge him onward faster.

So humble, patient, meek and mute,  
His master seems the greater brute,  
    And boasts less human graces ;  
Methinks—though 't would be strange, you'll say,—  
The ass should drive, the man obey,  
    And take each other's places.

Poor Ass ! he has his ample share  
Of ills and miseries to bear,  
    Of labour and starvation ;  
His graceless form and rugged coat  
His mean condition well denote,  
    And mark his humble station.

But on his patient back we see  
The cross—a mark of dignity,  
    There once the Saviour rode :  
And which may teach a scornful mind  
That on the meanest we shall find  
    Some honour is bestowed.

They call him stupid, yet 'tis plain  
That 't would be well if most of men  
    Were only half as humble ;  
If murmurers would like him endure,  
And though ill-treated, scorned and poor,  
    Forbear to rail and grumble.

And if he's dull he's mindful yet  
Of what sometimes we all forget—  
    Who feeds him day by day :  
The hand that daily food supplies  
He never fails to recognise,  
    And follow and obey.

And then his earnest efforts, too,  
His cruel master's will to do,—  
    Does not this, too, reprove us,  
When we so coldly, feebly still  
Perform our heavenly Master's will,  
    Who doth so truly love us ?

'Tis humbling thus from one to learn  
Whom as a teacher most would spurn,  
    But there is need, alas !  
And if the truths be not amiss  
We'll care not who the teacher is,  
    Though but an humble Ass.

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## JONAH'S GOURD.

THE gourd that shadowed Jonah's head  
Was withered soon by Heaven,  
For he forgot, beneath its shade,  
    By whom the boon was given.

He was exceeding glad, we find,  
And well he might be so,  
But his had been a better mind  
    Had he been grateful too.

Yet little cause have we to hold  
Poor Jonah thus to shame,  
For conscience tells us loud and bold  
    We do the very same.

Alas, we all act often thus  
When comforts round us rise ;  
The very gifts God sends to us  
But hide him from our eyes.

But he will not look calmly on  
And see his gifts abused,  
But cuts the gourd in anger down  
That we have so misused.

Let not thy gifts be hurtful, Lord,  
Nor us ungrateful be ;  
Teach us to look beyond the gourd,  
And fix our eyes on Thee.



### NUMBER ONE.

THE maxim you have often heard,  
(Though cold and selfish is the word,)  
“ Take care of Number One ;”  
By which of course is understood,  
Seek first your own especial good,  
Whoever is undone.

Now such a maxim, all must see,  
Was never taught by charity,  
Nor in the Bible read ;  
And still 'tis useless at the best,  
For where is found that human breast  
To self so truly dead ?

This truth shines brightly as the sun,—  
That all were never made for one,  
But rather one for all :  
Our neighbours, countrymen, mankind  
Should in our hearts a dwelling find,  
Whate'er ourselves befall.

If some, then, must this maxim use,  
Another for ourselves we'll choose,  
Nor selfish ends pursue :  
“ Take care of Number One,” they say,  
But ours shall more of love display,—  
Forget not Number Two.

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## HARRY'S FIRST VICTORY.

YOUNG Harry was a selfish lad,  
And oft his friends would chide,  
For if he but his comforts had,  
He cared for none beside.

He never shared his cake at school,  
As others would have done,  
But hid his sweetmeats in his box  
To eat them when alone.

It chanced, one happy holiday,  
He had some pence to spend,  
And soon towards the sweetmeat shop  
His eager steps did bend.

Now, hard beside the public road,  
Poor Susan's hovel lay,  
And Harry, ere he reached the town,  
Was forced to pass that way.

With thoughts of cakes and lollipops  
He hurried past the door,  
But conscience whispering seemed to say  
"Oh, can't you help the poor?"

Her little children, fatherless,  
Were sitting, too, hard by,  
And in their want and nakedness  
Caught Harry's heedless eye.

"Poor creatures!" to himself he said,  
"When I grow up a man—"  
And then he thought of sugar-plums,  
And onward faster ran.

"If ever I grow rich," thought he—  
And cakes again arose,  
"Or fruit or tarts, which shall it be?  
I scarce know which to choose."

Now Susan's children thin and bare  
Appeared before his sight—  
Now plums and cakes arose again,  
And peppermint so white.

Thus self and charity within  
Preferred their several claim,  
Till, puzzled, to a baker's shop  
Young Harry doubting came.

Thought he, "My parents often chide,  
And say self-love is wrong ;  
I'll rise at once and break the chain  
Before it is too strong.

"The sweetmeats I can well forego,  
So back my steps I'll tread,  
And take poor Susan and her boys  
A welcome loaf of bread."

So all his money down he threw,  
The loaf for Susan bought,  
And with a bosom light and gay,  
The hungry children sought,

With sparkling eyes they hailed the boon,  
And danced for very joy ;  
The mother sobbed her gratitude,  
And blessed the generous boy.

So Harry reached his home again  
In pleased and happy mood,  
And had, although no other sweets,  
The sweets of doing good.

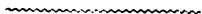
One victory won and self subdued,  
Its power diminished fast,  
And love still conquering, he became  
A generous lad at last.

### GRATITUDE.

THE barren and desolate plain,  
Though blessed with the sunshine and shower,  
Yet renders back nothing again,  
Nor fruit, nor green herbage, nor flower ;  
The breeze of the morning may blow,  
The dews of the evening distil,  
But nought in the desert will grow,  
It is but a wilderness still.

But when, on the smiling parterre,  
The shower and the sunshine descend,  
A thousand bright flowrets appear,  
A thousand rich odours ascend :  
The bountiful favours of Heaven  
Awaken delicious perfume,  
And every fresh blessing that's given  
Acknowledged in fragrance and bloom.

Though blessings are showering around,  
Outpoured by kind Heaven on men,  
How few like the garden are found,  
How many resemble the plain !  
Oh may I no wilderness prove,  
Ungrateful for favours bestowed,  
But return in thanksgiving and love  
The kindness and mercy of God.



## THE AFRICAN.

“ Look, what a black and ugly face,  
And see, what woolly hair!  
He seems of quite another race,  
Scarce human, I declare !  
I wonder not, Papa, that he  
Is treated with disdain,  
So mean, compared with you and me,  
And our fair countrymen.”

“ Nay, Edward, do not thus despise  
The sooty African,  
He is, in all right-seeing eyes,  
A brother and a man ;  
The God that gave us at the first  
Our boasted fairer hue,  
That God, from the same common dust,  
Made our dark brother too.

“ That woolly head may have within  
A mind of mighty powers,  
And there may beat beneath that skin  
As warm a heart as ours ;  
Look at his bright expressive eye,  
Say, does it not proclaim,  
Though skins may be of different dye  
Our nature is the same ?

“ To all alike, the lord and slave,  
A common earth is given,  
A common life, a common grave,  
A common hell or heaven ;  
For him, degraded and forlorn,  
Christ shed his precious blood,  
And he who dares oppress or scorn  
Insults his Father, God.”

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## THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

WHEN Christ came down from heaven to earth  
He laid his glory by ;  
A stable was his place of birth,  
His curtains were the sky.

Though monarch of the world indeed,  
He cared not for renown ;  
His only sceptre was the reed,  
The thorn his only crown.

At Jacob's well fatigued he sat,  
For parched and faint was he ;  
And hungry, fain some figs would eat,  
But 'twas a barren tree.

He wore no flaunting garments fine,  
Nor boasted gold or store,  
Yet did not at the worst repine,  
Nor ever sigh for more.



Oft on Mount Olivet alone  
He spent the night in prayer,  
Or lay, like Jacob, on a stone,  
And made his pillow there.

Though foxes have their holes, he said,  
The birds their sheltering nest,  
I have not where to lay my head,  
Nor boast a place of rest.

The bitter jest and cruel blow  
With patience he endured,  
And never, though they used him so,  
Returned an angry word.

If Jesus thus for sinful men  
Such evils could endure,  
Oh let me never dare complain  
Though I be mean and poor.

Like him, may murmuring, self, and pride  
Be banished from my mind,  
That I may be, whate'er betide,  
Meek, humble, and resigned.

## TELL THE TRUTH.

“ Oh dear, that stray unlucky ball !—  
I wish I had not played at all,”

Cried little careless Will :

“ How can I to Papa explain  
The mystery of this broken pane,  
And keep my credit still ?

“ I’ll say it was some random stone  
By some one o’er the paling thrown,  
That struck the brittle glass ;  
Or else persuade him that I saw  
The puppy break it with his paw,  
To scamper through the grass.

“ But stop :—I must not tell a lie,  
For, though unseen by other eye,  
God will the sin record ;  
’Tis better all the truth confess,  
And frankly own my carelessness,  
Than thus offend the Lord.

“ Papa will frown, Mama will chide,  
My usual pence, too, be denied,  
    Yet let me dare be true ;  
’Tis better, I am very sure,  
Their anger for one fault endure,  
    Than lie, and make it two.

“ Although I would their anger soothe  
I’ll tell the plain and simple truth,  
    And sneaking lies disdain ;  
I’ll seek Papa this very hour,  
Tell him the mischief I deplore,  
    And own the broken pane.”

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## THE POTTER.

WITH patience and with skill,  
Throughout the livelong day,  
The potter whirls the nimble wheel,  
And moulds the plastic clay.

In many a useful shape  
Fresh forms of beauty rise,  
How different from the shapeless heap  
That round about him lies !

But if the clay be hard,  
And unimpressed and tough,  
He treats the dross with small regard,  
'Tis base and stubborn stuff.

Thus the great potter, God,  
Works on your heart and mine,  
Intent to make the worthless clod  
Pure, holy, and divine.

But if our hearts display  
Self-will and hardened pride,  
Then we are base and stony clay,  
Which God will cast aside.

Lord, mould me to thy will,  
'Gainst which I oft have striven,  
That I may thy design fulfil,—  
A vessel fit for heaven.



### HOW PROUD SHE IS!

“How proud she is,—the haughty puss!  
I wonder who is she,  
That she should treat an equal thus,  
Nor deign a glance at me.

“She need not such conceit display  
Although she is so fine;  
And yet she turns her eyes away  
Whene'er they meet with mine.

“My friends are quite as good, I know,  
As any she can bring ;  
And as to dress—but let her go,—  
The upstart vulgar thing.”

Thus Lucy Gray indignant thought,  
As Emma passed her by,  
And anger in her bosom wrought,  
And sparkled in her eye.

Ah, Lucy, hush those thoughts severe,  
Nor quite so freely blame,  
And think before so harsh with her,  
Do you not do the same ?

Do you not sometimes look aside  
When Jane you chance to meet,  
And turn away in haughty pride,  
Or even cross the street ?

She's tidy, decent, neat and clean,  
Respectful, too, to you ;  
Why should you blame in Emma, then,  
What you thus practise too ?

'Tis well sometimes to look within,  
And blame in gentler tone,  
And, ere we chide another's sin,  
To recollect our own.

THE END.

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MEADEN, PRINTER, CLAPHAM.







